

THE BASKET.

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THE WIDOW'S MITE.

By John Redman.

"More than they all," the lip of Truth declared,
When the poor widow to the temple came
With her two mites,—her all of worldly goods,
And cast them in the treasury. The rich
Of their abundance gave, and willingly;
But she her living freely did bestow;
And the world's wealth, had she at her dispose,
Would have been given to the cause espoused—
That cause so dear to her—as cheerfully.
The structure was adorned with goodly stones,
And exquisite the finish. Art had tried,
And vainly, to excel the former house
Reared in the reign of David's royal son.
Beneath its dome of burnished gold there stood
An uncrown'd King, "greater than Solomon;"
A lowly look was his, and yet his brow
Bespoke a Being of no common mould.
"More than they all,"—how strange unto the ear!
Of those then gathered seem'd the Saviour's words,
Ere they discerned his meaning. He who sees
Not as man seeth, looketh to the heart;
And by the motive is the action weighed.
Her name we may not know, or whence she came,
Or whither she returned, no record tells,
Or of her tribe, or of her family;
And yet, her memory liveth ever.

The Treasury Department (says the Public Ledger,) recently received an application for the free entry of certain silk hose and gloves imported for the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception at Albany, N. Y. It was explained that the articles are intended for the use of the Bishop on special occasions of divine worship, [!] and, therefore, exempt from duty under the provision for "regalia especially imported for religious purposes." The Department denied the application on the ground that articles of wearing apparel of this character, altho' worn by clericals, can hardly be regarded as "regalia" within the meaning of the law. [Can't imagine what affinity there is between silk stockings, or regalia, and "divine worship," or pure Christianity.—Ed. "Basket."]

Joseph Hutchins, of Chicago, who died recently, had not spoken to his wife for twelve years, and when his wife threw her arms round his neck, and implored him to speak to her before he died, he failed to respond, and so he died. He must have been a hard-hearted man.

The Women's Teachers' Association in the New York Public Schools has asked the Board of Education to make the minimum salary of Teachers, after ten years, \$750. In Boston and Chicago and other cities, the Association says length of service is made the basis of regulating salaries, and maintains that this is the safest and only just method of regulating them.

It was stated some weeks ago that a "cabbage trust" had been formed in Ohio, by which the growers fixed the price at five cents a-head in the field; but, like the poor girl in the old song, "Nobody comes to marry me," so nobody came to buy the cabbages, and since then it was announced that the "trust" had to bury them and "trust" to a spring market to get clear of them.

The corner-stone of a new Methodist church was laid not long since in a neighboring town, which it is said is to be one of the handsomest churches in South Jersey. After the usual religious ceremonies on such occasions by Rev. Mr. Hancock, the stone was laid according to the rites of the Free Masons! That church may prosper as a "worldling," but we would rather cast our lot with the humblest church in the town than with that one, and listen to the preaching of some one else than the man who encouraged or connived at such doings.

The Christian Advocate thus speaks of it: "This is a degradation of the Church by the presence of a society which, however ancient or historical, is of purely human origin. It would suit a new sect to be called the 'Masonic Episcopal Church,' but so long as 'M' stands for 'Methodist' in our title, no human society should be allowed to participate in its religious services. We write not from hostility to Masonry, but to preserve the dignity and sense of propriety in the Christian Church."

We see it stated that work on the new Methodist church in Woodbury has been discontinued until spring owing to the inability of the builder to procure necessary building. Is this the church above alluded to?

I saw my wife pull out the bottom drawer of the old family bureau this evening, and went softly out, and wandered up and down, until I knew that she had shut it up and gone to her sewing. We had some things laid away in that drawer which gold could not buy, and yet they are relics which grieve us until both hearts are sore. I haven't dared look at them for a year, but I remember each article. There are two worn shoes, a little chip hat with part of the rim gone, some stockings, pines, a coat, two or three spools, bits of broken crockery, a whip, and several toys. Wife—poor thing—goes to that drawer every day of her life, and prays over it, and lets her tears fall upon the precious articles, but I dare not go.

A beautiful thought is suggested from the work of engineers when about to build a bridge across a stream. They often carry over at first but a single thread. Then strand is added to strand, until a foundation is laid for planks, and now the bold engineer finds safe footing and walks from side to side. So God takes from us some golden threaded pleasure and stretches it hence to heaven; then he takes a child, and then a friend. Thus he bridges death, and teaches our thoughts to find their way hither and thither between the two spheres.

A good remedy for Rust in a Tea-kettle, it is said, is to brown coffee in it. A thorough washing with soap and water will remove all the odor and smoke of the coffee, and leave the kettle free from rust, and smooth. Another remedy is first to clean the kettle as clean as you can from rust, and then put oyster shells in it. After a few hours, when the shells become coated with rust, replace them with fresh shells.

One of the finest repartees in the English language is said to be when two Irishmen were walking under the gibbet of Newgate, and one of them looking up at the gibbet, remarked: "Ah, Pat, where would you now be if the gibbet had done its duty?" "Faix, Phannagan," said Pat, "an' I'd be walkin' in London, all alone."

— "Sorrow hath no cure if Faith be false."

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HADDONFIELD, N. J., FEBRUARY 1, 1889.

We are credibly informed that some of the principal streets in Woodbury are worse than the worst in Haddonfield, and that the difficulty, in either case, is to find a remedy without subjecting the residents to a greater expense than they are disposed to incur.

Electric Lights.—On Friday evening last, a number of our prominent citizens met at the residence of Dr. John R. Stevenson, for the purpose of discussing the feasibility of introducing the Electric Lights into our borough. Estimates were made and given as to the expenses and advantages of such lighting, and much desirable information obtained on the subject. For the want of room, we reserve further particulars for our next No. After some further preliminary exchange of sentiment, would it not be well to call a public meeting to take the matter into consideration?

A movement is on foot for a Bank in Haddonfield, to be called "The Haddon National Bank," for which we understand authority has been obtained from the Controller of the Currency. The capital is placed at \$50,000, of which about one half has already been subscribed for. Arthur Pressey, late of the Second National Bank of Atlantic City, is named as cashier.

Communicated.

The Haddon Athenæum has already an attractive little Library, and new books are being added from time to time. Last week the following new purchases were made, and the popularity of the Library is shown by the fact that within three days all but four or five of these books had gone into circulation:—Camping-Out Series, Gun-Boat Series, Rocky Mountain Series, by Stephens; Cooper's Deerslayer, Path-Finder. Last of the Mohicans, The Pioneers, The Prairies: The Lost City, by David Ker; Greene's Short History of the English People; Cape Cod Folks; My Opinions and Betsy Bobbitt's, by Josiah Allen's Wife; Not Like Other Girls, Holden with Cords, Heartsease, Hills of the Shattuck. The Old Helmet, My Desire, A Gallant Fight. Boots and Saddles, by Mrs. General Custer; Shiloh, Sevastopol, by Tolstoi; the Fortunes of Giencore, by Chas. Lever; Robert Elsmere, Robert Browning's Poems.

By a vote of the Managers, the preference in purchasing new books is given to those asked for by persons who use the Library.

The Musical Entertainment given by the Haddon Athenæum, at Wilkins' Hall, on Tuesday evening last, was a success, the room being crowded. The Male Quartette did their part admirably, singing without the accompaniment of any instrument. We hope to have the pleasure of hearing them again, as we are informed it is the intention to give a series of entertainments by the Haddon Athenæum Association.

"Peter Henderson's Manual of Every Thing for the Garden," for 1889, has a vast amount of information about Vegetables, Grasses, Fruits, Flowers, and Garden Implements. It is quite a large book, 450 pages, quarto, with six full page colored engravings.

We are compelled to omit several articles this week which we intended to insert, for the want of room.

Communication.

The Haddonfield Library is located on the first floor of the Town Hall. It is open from 7 to 9 o'clock on each week-day evening, and from 3 to 5 P. M. on the Seventh day of every week. It contains 1816 volumes of choice Books, suited for all ages, and new ones are frequently added. The charge for one year's use of books is One Dollar. By the week, it is Five Cents. The Trustees especially desire that the youth of Haddonfield should avail themselves of their use for self-improvement. They invite parents to call and bring their children. All are welcome. The Trustees are,—John H. Lippincott, Charles S. Braddock, Charles Rhoads, John Gill, John I. Glover, Joseph G. Evans, Samuel A. Willits.

Librarian, Charles F. Redman.

* 127 books added during the past year.

President Cleveland and President-elect Harrison and their wives are hobnobbing very pleasantly together by visiting and the interchange of kindly letters. It is said by those who profess to know, that more kindly relations between the outgoing and incoming families of the White House never existed. In this they set a good example to some of their more pugnacious adherents.

Rev. Mr. Pittinger, late pastor of the Methodist church, in this town, and now of Hightstown, proposes to remove to California in the Spring, and offers for sale some "fine bargains"—among them a "tandem tricycle," for less than half price; a Mason & Hamlin organ and a boat, at nominal prices; a cottage and a number of lots at Island Heights; lot of Books, etc.

Richard C. Hill, acting Post Master at Haddonfield, we are sorry to learn, has got himself in trouble about a young woman, who entered a suit against him for breach of promise. He was arrested, but released on \$5000 bail. As Assistant Post Master he has attended to his duties faithfully. At least, we never heard any complaint against him on that account.

It was announced last week that John Wanamaker was about to sail for Europe, but the program was suddenly changed, and he sailed or sailed for Indianapolis, where he is said to have spent three or four hours very pleasantly with President-elect-Harrison, but will not gratify the reporters as to the purport of that interview.

Mrs. Cassidy, who has been talking for a couple of weeks at the Methodist church, paid a visit to R. Bates' saloon, Batesville, on Sunday last, where she says she was kindly treated, and had prayer with the family. Mr. Bates, however, himself, was absent.

John R. McPherson, Democrat, was elected Jan. 22, by the New Jersey Legislature, to be a U. S. Senator. Ex-Governor Abbett's name was withdrawn, and then the vote stood for McPherson, D., 32; Sewell, R., 25.

At a meeting of the New Jersey Historical Society at Trenton last week, John Clement, of Haddonfield, was elected as one of the Vice-Presidents of that Society.

The large Ice house at Collingswood, owned by R. C. Knight, but used by the Wilson Coal and Ice Co. of Camden, was destroyed by fire on Saturday morning last.

Dogs are plentiful in Haddonfield, and some of them are useless and vicious, but in destroying useless ones, by poison, valuable ones are likely to meet the same fate.

Isaac Jennens, said to be the oldest of the "Jennens heirs," once a prosperous merchant, having spent his means, in the pursuit of an imaginary fortune, has been, at his own request, taken to the Camden col. adms-house,